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OREGON ACE GETS ALTITUDE RECORD

Lt. Col. Marion E. Carl, 37, Oregon flying ace hailing from Hubbard, who is one of the Marine Corps' outstanding pilots, both in World War II and since is again in the limelight for flying a rocket propelled plane higher than man has ever gone before. On August 21 he climbed to an altitude of 83,235 feet, almost 16 miles for an unofficial world record. He says there would have been "no limit" if he had carried more fuel.

The flight was made in the Navy's D558-2 Skyrocket, a rocket plane built by the Douglas Aircraft Corp. The new mark exceeds the Skyrocket's own previous record of 79,494 feet, established by Douglas test Pilot Bill Bridgeman, August 15, 1951.

Carl has made four flights in the Skyrocket, all from Edwards Air Force base on the Mohave desert. The Skyrocket was dropped from the belly of a B-29 Superfortress at an altitude of 33,500 feet. He had dropped to 28,000 feet before he had lighted the first two of her four rockets. He started with less than three minutes fuel, otherwise he could have climbed much higher.

Carl, who is a modest, unassuming man, a graduate of the ROTC at OSC and graduated as a lieutenant was an outstanding Marine ace with 18 1/2 Japanese planes in his credit in World War II. He was credited with 15 1/2 Japanese planes in the battle for Guadalcanal in the summer of 1942.

After World War II, Carl became a naval test pilot and helped develop carrier landing techniques for jet aircraft. In 1951, he became the first Marine to win the annual Chanute award for "a notable contribution made by a pilot to the aeronautical sciences."

Carl held the world's speed record of 650.7 miles per hour in 1943 and will try soon to better the present world speed mark of 1,238 miles per hour.—G. P.

WISDOM FROM MONTGOMERY

Not much has been heard of late from Britain's top troop commander of World War II, General, now Viscount Montgomery, deputy commander of the NATO forces, presently in Canada where he made a speech the other day which represented as much wisdom as we've heard from a Briton in many a day.

Montgomery said the military arm of the NATO nations cannot plan a successful defense of the free world because the nations of this group have not yet reached a meeting of minds as to what they wish to defend and how. Successful military planning is impossible under the conditions the peoples and governments have imposed on their military leaders, he warned.

Even Americans and British "hardly speak the same language," he said, adding that as an illustration, there is not and has not been an understandable western policy toward Eastern Asia. The same differences are to be found in the European area.

Montgomery warned against complacency over the internal troubles within the iron curtain realm. He believes the strain will become "more intense" and that "tough decisions by political leaders" in the free countries cannot be long avoided.

Montgomery says we must create military machines that can be geared to handle any emergency for about 25 years without wrecking our economies, which means improved reserve forces called up for yearly training. He also insisted upon "live and dynamic leadership" on the political side, which he must know though he did not say, no longer exists in his own country.

BACK TO SCHOOL

The youngsters greet the approach of school's reopening with mixed feelings, just as they always have.

On the one side there is consternation. Where has the vacation, that looked so long three months ago, gone. Can it really be about over? Must we go back to books, themes, special assignments, home work and all the rest so soon? Gosh!

But there is a more pleasant side, which we think far outweighs the other in most youngsters' minds. One will soon see friends of both sexes, many of whom one hasn't seen, or but seldom, all summer long. Notes to compare, pleasant associations to be renewed. And school activities to be resumed, particularly the king of fall sports, football.

And learning. Is that so obnoxious as the youngster tries to make his elders think? We greatly doubt it. Otherwise many more would drop out than do. It is fun to learn, with certain exceptions, we grant. It's also fun to eat, but not all foods. Spinach for instance.

The Capital Journal salutes the mid-Willamette area's teachers and students as they prepare to return to the classrooms for another year which we join them in hoping will be the best ever.

RACIAL STRIFE IN CHICAGO

Better racial relations are making steady, rapid progress in the United States, including the south where progress was naturally expected to be more slow and difficult.

However it looks like the last place in the United States to acquire decent racial attitudes is going to be, not Atlanta but Chicago. Violence broke out again last week in the windy city. When a federal housing project accepted a negro tenant an irate crowd stoned the police. Five incendiary fires were started in the project, one of which caused \$15,000 damage. It was the second race riot in a month.

Chicago has about three-quarters of a million negroes and they have to have places to live. Many are living under deplorable conditions. Worry by white people over negroes moving in and depressing real estate values is understandable up to a point, but violence cannot be condoned, even if there were a lot more provocation. Chicagoans are going to have to grow up and reconcile themselves to a situation they cannot change.

Truck Rates Drop on Highway 30 Today

Portland (AP)—Truck freight rates between Portland and eastern Oregon along U.S. Highway 30 drop 25 cents a load today with the expiration of a way bill charge. Decision on whether the sur-

charge will be renewed is expected within 10 days. A. F. Harvey, superintendent of motor regulation for the Oregon Public Utilities commission, said.

Hearing was held in Portland a month ago on the application of the Pacific Inland Tariff Bureau, Inc., to continue the surcharge to Aug. 31, 1954.

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, JUDGE



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

September's Here, But What Is It? Hal Yawns

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Here it is September Morn, and all it rates from most of us is a big fat yawn.

For in the great house of the year September is one of the least interesting rooms. In fact it is less of a separate room than it is a drab corridor between two pleasant places.

September is like near beer. It has the name but lacks a famous flavor. It is near-summer, near fall, and yet is neither. It is like a fellow who tries to be popular by imitating two other people, and thus becomes nobody.

How can September ever have an identity of its own, half of the time essaying the cloying warmth of August, then weekly attempting to copy the robust appeal of October?

If the months were named for diseases, September would be called "30-day schizophrenia," or "the season with the split personality." It is the elderly adolescent of the calendar, forever teetering between the dog days and autumn, forever unable to make up its own mind or its own weather.

Just what good is September, if it were put on trial, who could you say in its defense?

It generally has enough hot days to provoke the warm weather conversationalists to croak a final, "They say it ain't really the heat—it's the humidity." These people then hibernate silently until the first snowfall, when they emerge and ask, "Cold enough for you?"

But if you gamble on going to the beach to put a last polish on your suntan, September is just as likely to slap you in the face with a hurricane.

September is undertain. It is in reverse with wrinkles under the eyes—like a middle-aged actress trying to play the role of a young girl again in an out-of-date melodrama.

The trouble with September is that she reflects her indecision into us. She brings a kind of reverse spring fever. On warm days we slushily think how nice it would be to have a second vacation. But the cool days she brings aren't crisp enough yet to stir our moping minds to vast new dreams.

September is a lull in living, a cocoon time for boss and hired hand. It is an interlude in which to tie up the loose ends of summer, pay old bills, get the kids off to school again, a lull pause of the blood before the vigorous pulsing days ahead.

And, I suppose, if you put September on the witness stand in its own behalf, it would say something like this: "You can't have action on the stage all the time, or the audience would wear out. And everybody in the theater can't be a star, either."

"It isn't my fault I am only one of the year's scene shifters. My job is to get the summer scenery started moving off the stage, and the next scenery moving on. I have to

notify the leaves it is time to change costume and give the robins their cue to scam.

"I just got a million things like that to do. All I can promise you is that if you'll just stick around, the next act will be better. Meanwhile, why don't you rest your eyeballs and wait for the show, instead of bawling out the stagehands?"

There's no doubt September has a point, even though, as months go, its as dull to most of us as a corset ad is to a Shetland pony.

But it has one priceless virtue. It brings a magic sea change to every restaurant menu. The first of September may often bore mankind. But it draws your old pal, the oyster, from his shell. He's in a real stew from now on.

Chaos Bomb

Albany Democrat-Herald

No sooner do we feel a slight lift of optimism on the brightened prospect for a better world than we pick up a press dispatch or a magazine article telling us that the scientists have envisioned a bigger and better bomb to turn the whole earth into an uninhabited and uninhabitable desert. And there's another day just ruined.

It is still an open question whether man has enough decency to be trusted with control of such weapons. The excuse for dropping the A-bomb was that it shortened the Japanese war and saved a lot of lives. This has never been proved; the fact seems to be that the Japanese were completely licked before Hiroshima.

Then we had bigger A-bombs and hoped we could use them as an unanswerable argument for universal disarmament. Now the Russians have, apparently, mastered the secrets of not only the A-bomb but the vastly more terrible H-bomb. There seems to be no halting the ghastly slide toward the bomb to end all bombs—and end everything else.

The latest military plaything is called a C-bomb—C for cobalt, also for chaos. It's designed to be just an H-bomb with an A-bomb trigger, enclosed in a shell of cobalt. The explosion would pulverize the cobalt and a fine radioactive dust would spread over the earth, ending all life.

Imagine someone in a position to give the world to release such a lethal force over a considerable sector of the globe. He would go down in history as the man who—well, anyway, he'd go down, perhaps taking his history along with him.

HIGH HEAT TREATMENT

New York (AP)—Capt. Cy Gates, Trans-World airlines pilot suggested heat sufferers might go up—20,000 feet above Cleveland. The thermometer outside his plane registered a 10 below zero over the Ohio city. It was about 74 degrees on the ground.

Rumors Fly

Reedsport Courier

There are many charms about a small town, one of them is not rumors. A lot of rumors are harmless and in fact sort of funny when analyzed. Others are not funny at all and in fact quite vicious and harmful.

Naturally, we like to think of Reedsport as different but just when we get pretty well elated about the way things are going an arrow pierces the balloon and down we come. That is what happened the past several days, or perhaps it was weeks, but any way a lot of rumors were flying.

The thing that brings us into all these rumors is that a lot of gullible people wonder why we don't publish the big stories, if they were true, that is. The sad thing is that a lot of pretty good folks, anytime a rumor starts the rounds it is the gospel truth, to them.

There have been some tall ones lately around the whole of the Lower Umpqua area. They, and we point up the word they, because what is supposed to be one big story has turned out to be at least eight different episodes. We are asked several times each day why we don't publish the big news. Naturally, we want to know what it is, that is why we know that there are at least eight stories about this supposed incident. Maybe there are more, but that is the number that have come to our attention. Again, the word naturally, we don't want to be asleep so we start checking. We do a detective job that we hope would make Rip Kirby and Dick Tracy sit up and take notice. But maybe we aren't as good as Rip or Dick but we just can't find any facts or even a semblance of evidence to go on.

Everytime we start tracing what is supposed to be the thread of evidence, it fades out like a snow ball on the Fourth of July. We are getting tired of chasing after the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and have concluded that there "ain't" none there.

We are too close to home to be experts. We credit William Howard Taft with the statement that "an expert is any damn fool 50 miles from home." Maybe he didn't originate the phrase but at least we know that he used it on one occasion. Well that leaves us out as experts, so our findings will just have to be our findings.

Perhaps our sleuthing is poor but we just can't find anything true about big rumors that have been drifting around lately. If there are facts, they elude us. We are out after news but we have to have something to go on. When there just isn't anything to tie to, unless we could learn the McCarthy technique we are lost.

Still a Subsidy

Corvallis Gazette-Times

Whittling away at its deficit, which is expected to run to \$748,000,000 this fiscal year, the Post Office Department will hereafter be paid for postal service rendered to other departments of the Federal government and the Congress. It is estimated this will bring \$35,000,000 additional revenue, including \$1,600,000 now charged for the franking privilege of members of Congress.

Of course, the taxpayer will be not better off. But as the departments of government and the Congress feel the pinch in their budgets of their expenditures for postal service, perhaps the great flood of mail that flows out to citizens and such mass-information media as newspapers, magazines and radio stations will be reduced to the meaningful. It may be too much to hope, but the day may come when the handouts that are now measured by the ton, and are little more than ballyhoo for heads of agencies and congressmen will be cut to the irreducible trickle of worthwhile information.

The year had ended September 1, with a total of 31.19 inches of rainfall, a deficiency of 10.43 as compared with a normal of 41.62 inches. In Salem August had brought .94 of an inch of rain.

Prunes were being purchased here at a price of \$12 a ton green for a count of 12 or larger a pound. A count of 15 and 16 a pound had a price of \$8 a ton.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Some WACs Acquiring Weight in Wrong Spots

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—No public announcement has been made in order to spare the girls' feelings, but the army is taking a critical view of sagging WAC shapes. The problem is so pronounced that the army has ordered a special program of "formal physical exercise periods" and "instruction in wholesome dietary habits" for lady soldiers who bulge in the wrong places.

Under the army's new glamour standards, a WAC must keep her weight "well distributed" and "within the limits established by AR 40-100 as acceptable for her height and age." She must also be "free from obvious defects of appearance remediable by physical exercise and good health practices." Of course, she is also expected to keep a watch on her "posture and physical bearing."

Those who do not measure up will be given a chance to wear off surplus pounds by "participation in individual or team sports or physical activities." If this fails to trim them down to regulation shapeliness, however, they will be obliged to take formal exercises. These will be conducted with scientific regard for individual shapes and sizes.

"To the extent feasible, and when competent technical advice is available for guidance," says the regulation, "the exercises in these periods will be individualized to meet the differing needs of the women participating; this is especially desirable when the goal is to reduce or redistribute weight."

However, the army, wise to the habit of goldbricking, cautions: "It will be borne in mind that much of the benefit of such exercise depends upon frequency. An hour once or twice a month only is useless and may be detrimental."

LETTUCE AND PARSLEY

For any female physical culturist who may try to carry things too far, the army adds sternly: "Certain important goals of military physical culturists who may try to carry things too far, the army adds sternly: 'Certain important goals of military physical training for men, such as strengthening of muscle groups to meet the strains of combat and the development of a highly aggressive spirit, are neither required by nor appropriate to the military duties assigned to women, and will not be pursued in a program for women.'"

In other words, the army wants its WACs to be feminine. As for dieting, the army prescribes: "Whenever possible, instruction in diet should be based on the teachings of recognized authorities on nutrition. Women presenting dietary problems that cannot be met by moderate intake of well-balanced meals will be referred to a medical office for advice."

To this end, some WAC mess halls have set aside special "diet tables" for the fat WACs. An appraising sergeant singles out the ladies whose bulges seem to require special attention, and seats them at a table set with lettuce, parsley and the like. However, one corpulent WAC at the Pentagon confided to this column that she cheats by slipping down to the milk bar after-

ward and ordering a couple of double malteds.

Note—The army is the last of the three services to become glamor-conscious. For years, the navy has been carefully grooming its Waves to bring out their sex appeal. Not to be outdone, the air force hired glamorous Jackie Cochran, lady pilot and cosmetics queen, to recommend how the WAFs could improve their looks. Though her comments were so uncomplimentary that the WAFs got up in arms, she drafted a set of standards which the air force has been quietly trying to follow.

NOT GOOD FOR GENERAL MOTORS

The fire that destroyed the giant General Motors plant at Lavonia, Mich., certainly was not good for General Motors, but it may have been good as a warning to the U.S. In fact, it may have been an act of God.

Burnt up in that multimillion-dollar fire was not only the machinery for making Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Cadillac hydromatics, but also hydromatics for army tanks. This, of course, was a loss. But the destruction emphasized the danger of Wilson's "single source of supply"—the strategy of concentrating production in one or two big plants instead of spreading the orders out among several smaller plants.

Fortunately for the army, it is making hydromatics for tanks in another factory, so the Lavonia fire won't hurt tank production. But if the Wilson policy had already been put into effect, the army tank program would have been out of luck.

Thus the Lavonia fire has caused defense production planners to think twice as to what would happen in case of H-bomb raids; and the single source of supply idea propounded by Charley Wilson may be scrapped.

WILSON VS. SMALL BUSINESS

Wilson's production thinking was not motivated by any idea of increasing General Motors business—though that would have been the result—he just thinks in terms of big business. It's second nature to him. Small companies, he has said privately are a nuisance; should be used only as subcontractors. Big companies should get all the defense business.

Meanwhile, General Motors' own figures indicate that there's some truth in Charley's statement that what's good for General Motors is good for the United States. These figures show that GM pays 15 per cent of all corporate taxes paid in the United States, and five per cent of all the excess profits taxes. General Motors also grosses eleven billion dollars a year—and there are few sovereign nations, and few states of the United States, that gross eleven billions a year.

FIRST POLIO DEATH

Portland (AP)—Portland's first polio death of the year was on the records today. The victim, Edwin L. Bechtol, 35, was stricken with bulbar polio August 21. He died at a hospital here Sunday.

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